Enter Will Kemp.

Peter. Muſitions, oh Muſitions, harts eaſe, harts eaſe,
O, and you will haue me liue, play harts eaſe.
Fidler. Why harts eaſe?
Peter. O Muſitions, becauſe my hart it ſelfe plaies my hart is
O play me ſome merie dump to comfort me. (full:
Minſtrels. Not a dump we, tis no time to play now.
Peter. You will not then?
Minſt. No.
Peter. I will then giue it you ſoundly.
Minſt. What will you giue vs?
Peter. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.
I will giue you the Minſtrell.
Minſtrel. Then will I giue you the Seruing-creature.
Peter. Then will I lay the ſeruing-creatures dagger on your
I will cary no Crochets, ile re you, Ile fa (pate.
You, do you note me?
Minſt. And you re vs, and fa vs, you note vs.
2. *M.* Pray you put vp your dagger, and put out your wit.
Then haue at you with my wit.
Peter. I will dry-beate you with an yron wit, and put vp my
Anſwere me like men. (yron dagger.
When griping griefes the hart doth wound, then muſique with
her ſiluer ſound.
Why ſiluer ſound, why muſique, with her ſiluer ſound, what ſay
you Simon Catling?
Minſt. Mary ſir, becauſe ſiluer hath a ſweet ſound.
Peter. Prates, what ſay you Hugh Rebick?
2. *M.* I ſay ſiluer ſound, becauſe Muſitions ſound for ſiluer.
Peter. Prates to, what ſay you Iames ſound poſt?
3. *M.* Faith I know not what to ſay.
Peter. O I cry you mercy, you are the ſinger.
I will ſay for you, it is muſique with her ſiluer ſound,
Becauſe Muſitions haue no gold for ſounding:
Then Muſique with her ſiluer ſound with ſpeedy help doth
lend redreſſe.

Exit.

Minſt.

Min. What a peſtilent knaue is this ſame?
M. 2. Hang him Iack, come weele in here, tarrie for the m
ners, and ſtay dinner.

Ex

Enter Romeo.

Ro. If I may truſt the flattering truth of ſleepe,
My dreames preſage ſome ioyfull newes at hand,
My boſomes L. ſits lightly in his throne:
And all this day an vnaccuſtomd ſpirit,
Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerfull thoughts,
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
Strange dreame that giues a deadman leaue to thinke,
And Breathd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reuiude and was an Emperor.
Ah me, how ſweete is loue it ſelfe poſſeſt
When but loues ſhadowes are ſo rich in ioy.

Enter Romeos man.

Newes from *Verona*, how now *Balthazer*,
Doſt thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady, is my Father well:
How doth my Lady *Iuliet*? that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill if ſhe be well.
Man. Then ſhe is well and nothing can be ill,
Her body ſleepes in *Capels* monument,
And her immortall part with Angels liues.
I ſaw her laid lowe in her kindreds vault,
And preſently tooke poſte to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing theſe ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office ſir.
Rom. Is it in ſo? then I denie you ſtarres.
Thou knoweſt my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire poſt horſes, I will hence to night.
Man. I do beſeech you ſir, haue patience:
Your lookes are pale and wilde, and do import
Some miſaduenture.
Ro. Tuſh thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.